Horror Depot

Everytime Paul Ryan Junior cleaned his desk, a slight paper cut would form on his hands.

Take a look at the photo. Do you love your wife? Your home? Your new car?

A funhouse mirror of setting suns formed outside his office window.

Caring too much about heat exhaustion was enough for Paul to shut the blinds.

Not a spec of trash was on the floor. Most times. Neighbours and their fucking car stereos.

Now granted, I've written some crazy shit, but it doesn't mean I have to ruminate on those

words all the goddamn time. That would drive anyone insane.

I also don't want the readers of my words to take everything literally on every given page.

The joys of having an indecisive mind.

An assistant walks in: Paul, are you done with the prologue?

Fuck! The prologue! Right! Right! Here it is!...